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*"What fools these mortals be!"*

# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



## A GOOD CAUSE.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER. — Here is a splendid chance to show your appreciation of one who was a real benefactor of mankind.

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#### LOOKING FORWARD.

"The twentieth century will see the completion of the Nicaragua canal —"  
"Yes; and airships going over it."

#### ONE WAY TO TRY.

THE IMPRESSARIO. — Of course, you can't please everybody.

FRIEND. — No? Suppose you give Wagner opera with coon songs between the acts.

#### IN KANSAS.

FRIEND. — Don't you think a man may be saved, no matter what his religion is?

THE DEACON. — Yes; but I ain't quite prepared to say the same thing about his politics.

#### PREPAREDNESS.

We don't want to fight,  
But, by jingo! if we do,  
We've coin to pay for ships and men,  
And investigations, too!

#### COMMENT.

"Congressman Talkington says the question of Expansion demands serious consideration."

"Oh! well, he always is on the fence."

#### ANTICIPATION.

"Roosevelt is all right! He'll make a good Governor."

"I think so. I look for charges of ingratitude in January."

#### MAGAZINE WAYS.

"Here's a wood-cut that has lost its tag."

"Well — label it: 'Hitherto Unpublished Portrait of Dewey,' and print it."

#### A RUMORED THREAT.

"I understand that Spain has taken a firm stand on the question of the Cuban debt."

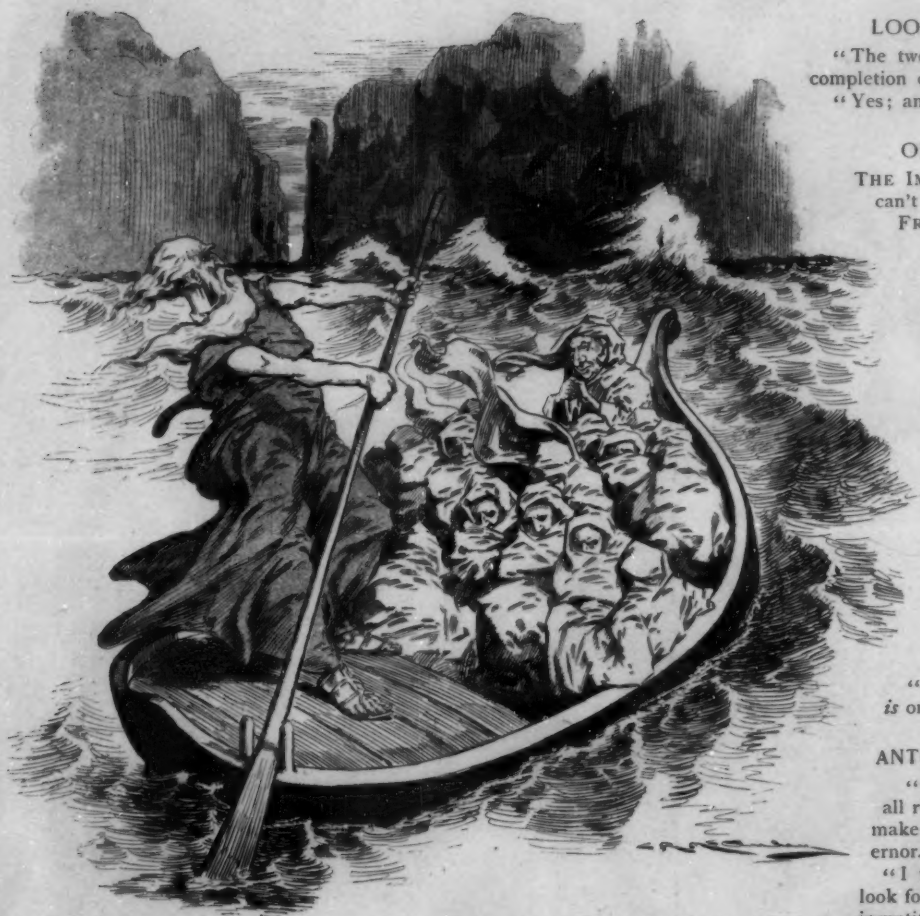
"How?"  
"She says if we don't pay it nobody will."

THE BASE-BALL season is ended, but still the office-boy's grandmother dies now and then; probably from force of habit.



#### IT HAS ITS DRAWBACKS.

HER NIECE (when AUNT HETTY came home). — We needed this rain!  
AUNT HETTY. — Yes; but we didn't need this mud!



#### IN CHARON'S BOAT.

FIRST SHADE. — It's an outrage the way he treats the public. He kept me waiting forty-one years on the other shore before he'd take me over!

SECOND SHADE. — You don't say? Well, you see, the old cuss has no competition and he does just as he pleases!

#### THE MODEL VERB.



T STRIKES me rather singular  
That when a chap resolves  
Some foreign language to acquire  
This curious fact evolves —  
Beneath the head "Verbs, regular"  
So often do we find  
The verb "to love" is shown in full  
To represent the kind.

But yet, of course, it's "regular"  
In every blessed tongue —  
It's pretty regular, I vow,  
The folk of earth among.  
Hence, strange, if such a perfect thing  
Were not upon the page  
Of grammar placed, for scrutiny,  
By each linguistic sage.

So, growl the cynic as he may,  
Or scoff the careless youth,  
He soon or late must come to know  
This never absent truth:  
'T is necessary that he learn  
The past and present of  
That fascinating, wonderful  
Verb, "regular" — "to love."

Edwin L. Sabin.





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#### TIME WILL TELL.

MISS INKWIRE.—Did Will Mashie win a prize this afternoon when he went over the course with Miss Budd?  
MAY NOIT.—He thinks he did; but he won't really know until after he has lived with her awhile.

#### A FINANCIER.

JOHNNY.—I wish I had that goose that laid the golden eggs.  
PAPA.—What would you do?  
JOHNNY.—I'd make her set on some of the eggs and hatch out some more geese of the same kind.

#### ENFORCED IDLENESS.

FIRST CONVICT.—Is n't dere some way we cud make a file an' a saw?  
SECOND CONVICT.—Guess not. Dis warden is purty sharp an' he's nearly abolished dat kind of prison-labor.



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#### THE CAUSE OF THEIR TROUBLE.

THE CINNAMON BEAR.—I've been frightfully annoyed this week by hunters trying to shoot me!  
THE BLACK BEAR.—I suppose so. I've been told that our skins, cut up into fur trimmings, are worth four dollars and a half a yard!

#### MANIFESTLY A WORLD POWER.

REUBEN RAILFENCE.—We want ter hang on ter every foot of land that we kin git. I tell you, the United States could govern the hull world to-day.  
HENRY HOECORN.—Oh! hold on! Ain't ye puttin' that purty strong?  
REUBEN RAILFENCE.—Not at all. There's twenty men after every office we've got to-day.

#### A DISTINCTION.

NORTHERNER.—The proceedings in Wilmington amount to anarchy.  
COL. BOURBON.—It would be anarchy, sah, if the people were not dealing with niggahs.

#### HIS DREAM SHATTERED.

FIRST BOARDER.—Well, you'll soon be released from boarding-houses, anyhow. Going to be married soon, I suppose?  
SECOND BOARDER (sadly).—No;—I have been bitterly disappointed in the girl.  
FIRST BOARDER.—How?  
SECOND BOARDER.—She insisted on boarding after our marriage.

A POOR MAN is discontented because he can't get what he wants  
—a rich man, because he can't want what he gets.

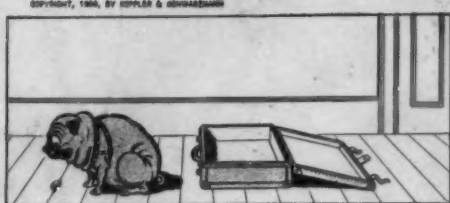
UNDER EVERY new lease of life there are more repairs to be taken care of by the tenant.

TO OBTAIN the very best results, bread which is cast upon the waters should not be too old to make pudding of.

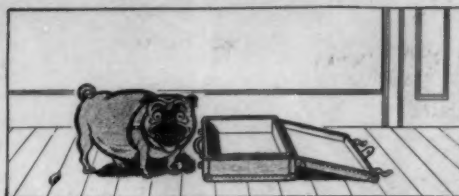


# PUCK.

## UNAPPRECIATED VALOR.



THE NEW DOG.—That old-maid mistress of mine complains that there is a mouse in the house, and here I am, fortunate enough to find his hiding-place.



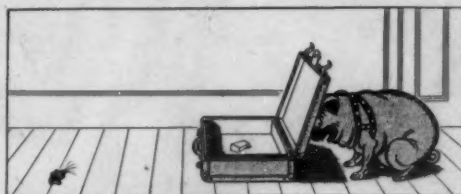
"Now, if I was n't too fat, I could catch that nimble mouse and make myself solid with the ancient maiden. Ah! I know. I'll get a piece of cheese and set a trap with this dress-suit case.



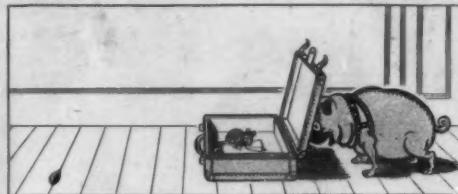
"There! That cheese is strong enough to draw an army of mice.

## A LULLABY.

"Yes, indeed! our railroad never spares expense when the comfort of its patrons is concerned!" beamed Mr. Commuter. "Their latest thing is having a woman call out, 'Oh! I'm sure there's somebody in the house!' every few minutes, so we Lonelyhurst residents can sleep all the way home."



"Now for the trap. I'll act as the spring. By George! There he comes already!"



"One! Two!"

## AS SHE IS SPOKE.

WILLIS LANG.—How did you feel when he picked you up that way before the whole crowd?  
HANDY FRASER.—I felt as if he had thrown me down on purpose.

## AFTER THE CONFESSION.

SON.—I know I've been very foolish.  
FATHER.—Foolish? I should say so! Why, when I was a young man, I'd never have thought of backing three aces like that!

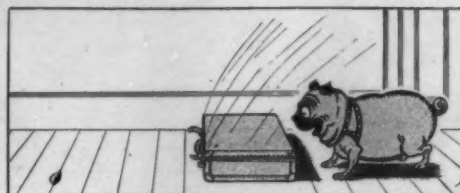
## DOMESTICITY.



TEVEN when the lamps are lit,  
And round the fire the family sit,  
Ah! blessed is the atmosphere  
Of homely intercourse and cheer!

"Now, who the deuce has got the *News*?"  
"I never saw such muddy shoes!"  
"Maw, Ned's a-settin' on my hat!"  
"An' he's a-teasin' of the cat!"  
"Tom got kep' in at school to-day!"  
"Those new folks just across the way—"  
"They got a boy 'at's name is Bill."  
"Good gracious, Margaret, be still!"  
"Tom, did you lock the cellar door?"  
"Mag's spilled the ink right on the floor!"  
"My goodness! there's the bell! You go!"  
"I bet it's Angelina's beau!"  
"Say! can't we pop some pop-corn, Ma?"  
"Old Deacon Jones's son-in-law—"  
"I want a quarter for a slate."  
"His income's good, at any rate."  
"Be quiet, now! Pa wants to read!"  
"A boy at school made his nose bleed—"  
"Look, Ma, I'm standin' on my head!"  
"I'll send you every one to bed!"

W. L. W.



"Three!"



"Now, to take my captive to my mistress. Say! this day's work will make me solid for life!"



THE MISTRESS.—Why, doggie, what is this? Where did you find it, doggie?



"And there appears to be something in it, too. We will investigate, doggie."



"— — — — —"



THE MISTRESS (after recovering from her faint).—There! I will wager this is the best whipping you ever had in your life. I'll send you away this very day! The idea of a dog, warranted well-bred, to play a mean trick like that on an unprotected female! Away with you!

## AN AWFUL SPENDTHRIFT.

"Jake Silliman got his leg pulled, good and plenty, last night!" announced a young Ruralville swain, referring to a well-known village beau.

"How did it happen?" inquired his friend.  
"Well, he got acquainted with the soubrette of the Uncle Tom's Cabin Company that showed in the Town Hall last night, and after the performance he took her to supper at the Palace Restaurant. He told her to order exactly what she pleased, and, by gosh! she took fried oysters, a whole bottle of elderberry wine and a box of candy! Jake had to dig up a dollar and eighty cents. What do you think of that? But, then, he might have known she was one of them adventuresses."

## BLACK HATRED.

JONES.—Brown is bitterly hostile to the English.

THOMPSON.—Is he?

JONES.—Yes; he said to-day he hoped they would never abolish the House of Lords.

## FEARFUL ODDS.

STRANGER.—So that's your local sprinter, is it? I suppose he can outrun anything in the village?

BASSWOOD CORNERS GROCER.—Outrun anything in the village? That feller can outrun any six men we've got here, all at the same time! I've seen him do it.

"IN MY BUSINESS," said the counterfeiter, "I do not expect to lose anything on bad bills."





PARTIALLY RECOGNIZED.

AUNT HETTY.—That thing that Sue Harkins is playin' on the pianner is "Home, Sweet Home" with variations. Could n't yer tell it?  
UNCLE HIRAM.—I kin only tell the variations.

UTTER DESPERATION.

THE MAN whose dark-brown overcoat had faded into purple in places was looking very blue. An old friend came along, grasped his arm and tried to make him step lively, but he hung back and exclaimed:  
"I know you mean well; but lemme alone! I've got the blues."

"Got the blues! At this time of year, when everybody ought to be learning Christmas carols and studying the fashions in confectionery. Nonsense! What's the trouble?"

"No trouble. I've just got the blues, that's all."

"Well, why don't you cheer up?"

"I can't do it. I cheer a little bit, and then, before a minute is over, I've got 'em worse than ever. It's like a baby and a flight of stairs; if it stays on the first step, it does n't fall so far. I've quit trying to cheer up. I'm gradually becoming desperate!"

"Don't say that!"

"Yes, sir! I'm desperate now. I don't care what happens. I'm indifferent to fate. If I was to go home and find that somebody had left the window open and froze all my wife's begonias and fuchsias and her new rubber tree, I would n't care two cents. I tell you, it's simply awful to feel so reckless!"

CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS.

"How the beautiful old customs are dying out!" she exclaimed, as she buttoned her glove. "It never occurs to people to burn a yule log."

"No," answered the dyspeptic-looking man; "all they seem to think about now is burning money."

HARDENED.

"You are here for forgery?" said the visitor.  
"Yes," replied the convict, flippantly. "I may be said to have forged my fetters."  
The wretch was abandoned to his fate.

A PARADOX.

LITTLE ELMER ASKINS.—Is Mrs. Pollipet's parrot a good one?  
LITTLE JOHNNY THICKNECK.—Good? Naw! Why, he don't know how to swear at all!

NOT IN HIS LINE.

MISS JOHNSING.—Dey say dat chicking salad is jes' as good ef yo' make hit out of veal, an' dat nobody can tell de diff'rence.

MR. WASHINGTON.—Dat may be, but nabbin' a calf is too much like hoss stealin'!

A CHANCE TO REFORM.

"If it is true that the good die young," began the theosophist.

"If it is," interrupted his friend, "they'll know better when they are reincarnated."

THE REAL PANACEA.

"That medicine cure your wife?"  
"No. I think what cured her was getting it at a cut-rate drug-store."

IN THE INTEREST OF ALL CONCERNED.

"For their own sakes and ours," wrote the dramatic critic of the *Cyclone County Sandbag*, "we could wish that the Greater New York Tragedy Company had stranded at some point further East. They would not have to walk so far to get back, and we would not have had to endure their 'Hamlet.'"

SOME LARGE loving-cups are only demi-tasses in spirit.



A FOE TO APPETITE.

LITTLE SISTER.—What's Etiquette?

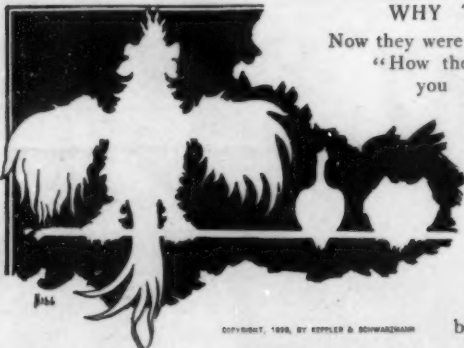
LITTLE BROTHER.—Oh! that's what keeps you from getting two pieces of pie when you could eat three!



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#### EXALTED RITUALISM.

ASKINS.—I am told that your new rector is very high church.  
MISS CHURCHLY.—Indeed, he is extremely high! He is so high that he plays golf on Sunday afternoons!



SENTIMENTAL PULET.—Ah! how divinely he peals forth his clarion welcome to the coming morn!  
UNSENTIMENTAL HEN.—Divinely? Yes; you'll think it's "divine" when you've grown old and haggard from broken rest, like I have!

#### WHY THEY LAUGHED.

Now they were in the green room.  
"How the audience did laugh when you demanded the pound of flesh!" exclaimed Antonio, tauntingly.

"Yes; you are such a ham!" hissed Shylock, the Jew, with a terrible look.

#### A MYSTERY.

PAPA.—Why, everybody makes mistakes.  
JOHNNY.—Then I wonder why our teacher makes such a fuss about them?

#### A CHRISTMAS PRESCRIPTION.

I 'VE GOT a good prescription for you folks that 's sick and blue,  
Who think of aches and ills all day—but hear my story through:  
A year ago I was n't much the man I be to-day;  
They said I 'd die for certain if I did n't get away.  
I could n't eat, I could n't sleep; my narves they just run wild!  
And everything upset me so, I 'd cry just like a child!  
My heart—why, bless me! scores of times I thought my hour had come!  
It cut up so and thumped away like some big major's drum!  
One day I had the doleful dumps—I did feel mighty blue;  
I moped and scolded and complained the world was all askew;  
I criticised the universe, in everything found flaws,  
And finally fetched around to blamin' good old Santy Claus!  
I said if I was Santy Claus I 'd sometimes hit folks straight;—  
I would n't give a starvin' man a book on real estate;  
I would n't give a shiverin' girl a tidy made o' gauze;  
I vowed I 'd show some sort o' sense if I was Santy Claus.  
I said I 'd send soft couches where the beds was hard as stone,  
And easy chairs for tired folks who ached in every bone,  
And everything should be bran'-new—poor folks that 's warmed and fed  
Can appreciate bright colors, such as blue and green and red.  
I 've always noticed Santy Claus tucks off a gray or brown,  
Or something kind o' half worn-out on him that 's lowest down.  
But no such work for me, I said—and I meant it, too;—  
My bag, if I was Santy Claus, should hold no rusty shoe!  
And then, I said, I 'd go to all the doctors in this town,  
I 'd find out who was on their lists, and put their names ri' down;  
I 'd send 'em fruit and luxuries and bright, sweet-smellin' flowers,—  
Sick people has my sympathy in this sorrowin' world of ours;  
For, be they kings or beggar folks, why, narves is narves, I say;  
And when them narves stand up on end it ain't no children's play!  
Wal, I kep' tellin' what I 'd do—without a break or pause—  
And vowed 't would be a merrier world if I was Santy Claus.  
And then, it bein' Christmas time to kind o' lead me on,  
What did I do but go to spendin' money like a Don!  
Folks said I was a lunatic,—I let it go I was!  
I had n't time to argue,—I was playin' Santy Claus!  
I made 'em happy, right and left,—I 'd cash enough to jingle,—  
And when the neighbors dubbed me "Crank" I did n't care a shingle!  
I did n't stop—I have n't stopped!—it 's Christmas all the year!  
And as for melancholy—oh! it never comes round here.  
My narves and heart they 've sobered down, I eat just like a pig;  
I feel so young my feet are always achin' for a jig,  
And every day I just let loose my gladness in hurrahs,  
For the doctor says it 's owin' to my playin' Santy Claus.  
So now I 'd say to them that 's sick, like me a year ago,  
Who think there 's nothin' in this world but sufferin' and woe:  
You let your pocket-book out wide, don't grudge a single dime,  
And give to every soul you can a grand, good jolly time.  
Then if your aches don't take to wings, my name ain't Jotham Daws!  
Oh! there 's nothin' for the appetite like playin' Santy Claus!

Emma C. Dowd.



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#### A HUMANITARIAN.

CHOLLY.—What! Only ten dollars on that watch? Why! you are a regular Shylock!  
PAWNBROKER.—Oh, no, mine frendt! I vas a regular philanthropist! A week after giving her dot Ghristmas presend you vill come aroundt unt thank me for not giving you dwendy!





PUCK.

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Wednesday, December 21, 1898.—No. 1137.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON WITH THE TALK. BEFORE this number of PUCK is out Congress will be in full swing. All these last few months the members must have been wildly eager for this chance to talk, to "point with pride" and to "view with alarm," to champion the right and to pillory the wrong with merciless and eloquent logic. Now the gates are open and the flood of speech is come. Expansion will be lauded and likewise flayed. We shall be told that the policy of the administration is leading us to a glorious apotheosis, and also that it is luring us to an ignoble destruction. We shall be lifted up and we shall be cast down, soothed and warned, reassured and made nervous with apprehension. But the good thing about it is that the country has had plenty of time to prepare for just this sort of thing, and so it will doubtless endure it without any serious loss of sleep. It will not be jarred by the contradictions of the honorable gentlemen, nor torn asunder by their disagreements. It is, we believe, quite in a mood to enjoy the oratorical bouts. Congress has an elephant to find quarters for and the people will watch the process with interest.

THE WARING MEMORIAL. THE USES to which the Waring memorial fund is to be put make it unusually attractive in the line of such things. Its purpose ought to satisfy the most practical utilitarian no less than the sentimentalist. The income of the sum asked for—a hundred thousand dollars—is to go to Col. Waring's widow and daughter during their lifetime. Afterward it is to be devoted to "instruction in municipal affairs" in such manner as Columbia University may direct. It is such a plan as Col. Waring himself would have found ideal. The aid extended to his family would have touched him; but gratifying in a far wider way would have been the knowledge that the science to which he devoted his life—and in behalf of which he lost it—was to be recognized as a science, and to be taught, soberly and earnestly. He was a sanitary engineer; but, more broadly, he was a Professor of municipal economics. The same effective sagacity he brought to the cleaning of the streets of New York he was able and ready to apply to every department of a city's government. Taken as text-books, his writings upon municipal affairs would show the way not only to clean streets but to clean administrations throughout. There is, indeed, a pathetic justice in this thought: that the fund raised in his memory may one day teach us the folly of turning away a tried man, such as he was, at the command of a political Boss. Our late snowstorm was opportune. It gave Tammany the chance to erect a profusion of monuments to Col. Waring along our principal streets, monuments not quite so enduring as bronze or granite, but vastly more eloquent as reminders of his worth. They seem to have stimulated subscriptions to the fund, and it promises to be subscribed at an early day. We shall then have recognized, as best we could, a man who was a true benefactor of his fellows.

"FLAG LEGISLATION." MR. CHARLES KINGSBURY MILLER is still having bad days and nights out in Chicago because we have no law to make us respect our flag. Mr. Miller has an idea that the country is going to the dogs because of this lack. He sends us a printed address, embellished with his own spacious autograph, advocating such a law and asking us to "make editorial comment." We do so as cheerfully as we did a few months ago when he brought the same matter to our notice. We regard the whole thing as mischievous. Our flag is the symbol of something in the hearts of the people. That something can not be generated by statute nor kept alive by statute. A failure to understand this misleads some very well-meaning people. We took especial pains to note the treatment of our flag during the late war. We admit that our taste was sometimes shocked, and that we looked for some excuse for a law such as the various "flag societies" want, but we did not find it. We have seen a hard-voiced, elderly soubrette wrap herself in the flag with the obvious purpose of diverting attention from her own vocal and spectacular inadequacy; we have seen a human "sandwich"

using the stars and stripes to exploit somebody's "best regular dinner in the city for 20 cents;" and we have beheld the handiwork of a shirt-maker whose quaint conceit it is that the flag makes an attractive night-shirt. But, be it noticed that we did not think less of the flag because of these exhibitions, nor do we believe that any one else who saw them did. We deplored the taste of the business men who were responsible for them, and were less inclined to patronize them on that account. But we know that taste is an individual thing, and that thousands of people were not offended even by these uses of the flag, but were harmlessly entertained thereby. Mr. Miller cites a long list of similar indignities which the flag daily suffers as proving a need for the law which he urges. But we ask him to look at the other side. Does he really think that any conceivable law could have raised the quality of patriotism which this country manifested during our war with Spain? Did he find any flaws in that patriotism? Does he see where it could have been more sweeping or more satisfying? And is it not pleasant to know that this patriotism was free and spontaneous, and quite satisfactory without any law to bolster up respect for the flag? His point that we are the only nation without a flag law is against him, we think. We can all understand why Russia needs such a law, or Germany or France or Italy. Thank Heaven, we have n't the same reasons! Leave us, we pray you, Mr. Miller, a few good things that we can do just because we love to do them and not because we'd have to go to jail if we did n't.

PATERFAMILIAS.

Some call old Santa Claus a myth  
And think his power has waned here;  
But, as for me, I can assert,  
Each year I find his reign dear.

IN LUZON.

FRIEND.—The Americans say they will maintain an "open door."  
What does that mean?  
AGUINALDO.—Huh! May be it's a hint for me to walk out.

THE REASON.

"I don't see why it took so long to settle the terms of peace."  
"Well, Spain preferred to prolong the amputation."

AGUINALDO and all other anti-expansionists will evidently have to make the best of it.



ANTICIPATION.

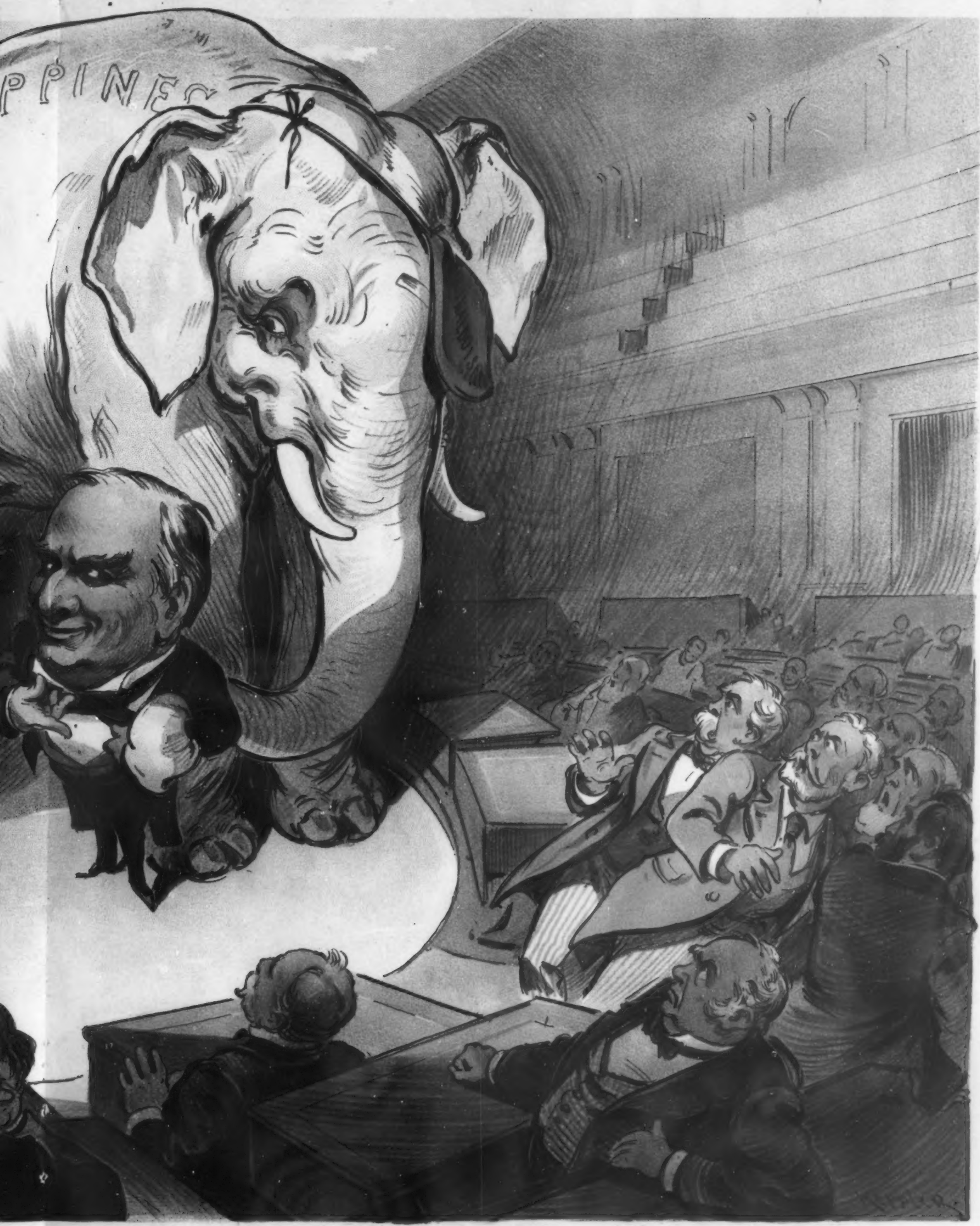
"Golly! I kin taste dat stew already!"  
"So kin I! An' ain't it de fines' stew yo' ebbah tasted?"



J. OTTMAR LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

**HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE**  
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY (to the 55th Congress).—Now, gentlemen, I've do





TO THE CHRISTMAS GAYETY.

lemen, I've done my share; — I pressed the Spaniards; you do the rest!

PUCK.



HE SAW IT, THEN.

JONES.—They say the girl Dawson married was cross-eyed.

BROWN.—Yes; but he never fully realized it until after her money was gone.

NO SKELETON.

No skeleton in their closet is.

The reason why? Ah! well, my guess is, He lets her keep the closet filled With lovely, seasonable dresses.

REGRET.

FIRST BURGLAR.—Dis paper says you're a notorious criminal.

SECOND BURGLAR.—Well, dat 's so; an' I 'm sorry fer it.

FIRST BURGLAR.—Yer sorry?

SECOND BURGLAR.—Yes; I just hate notoriety.

DEFRAUDED.

CHOLLY.—Most provoking thing happened to me to-day. I was stuck with a counterfeit dollar.

BERTIE.—You might pass it in a saloon.

CHOLLY.—I did; and blamed if the scoundrel did n't give me a counterfeit half-dollar in change!



UNFORGIVABLE.

"The editor has discharged that new reporter," said one of the old men.

"What for?"

"He wrote something about somebody being the possessor of something, and neglected to say 'proud possessor.'"

SYSTEMATIC.

GRACE INUIT.—The Count is a very methodical person.

MRS. INUIT.—Is he?

GRACE INUIT.—Yes, indeed! He proposed to every girl in our set in alphabetical order.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HEY! FOR a season of gladness and mirth!  
Bundles conveyed with much labor.  
Ho! for kind greetings all over the earth!  
Truce between me and my neighbor.  
Season when children are good, and not bad—  
Bound to make up for it later—  
Season when families shop, while poor Dad  
Settles the bills, the dear pater.

Bumps of secretiveness much over-tasked  
Stowing the stuff for the morrow,  
Bumps of invention too frequently asked  
Where is a hole we can borrow.  
Mistletoe hung where 't will do the most good,  
Bearing the welcome of kisses.  
Girls walking under, as every girl should—  
Why shun a chance fine as this is?

Masculine feet number eight, and, alas!  
Never a slipper to fit 'em—  
In such a heterogeneous mass  
Strange there is none that will hit 'em.  
Pipes that won't smoke and cigars that wop't draw—  
Give them away, and don't cavil—  
Other utensils a man never saw;  
Vainly their use would unravel.

Choral bands prowling at three in the morn,  
Into our slumbers marauding,  
Making us sorry they ever were born,  
Tho' at the window applauding.  
Cries from above as the youngsters awake,  
Drummings and tootings and squealings.  
Bless us! who says that the day is a fake?  
Person who does has no feelings.

Edwin L. Sabin.



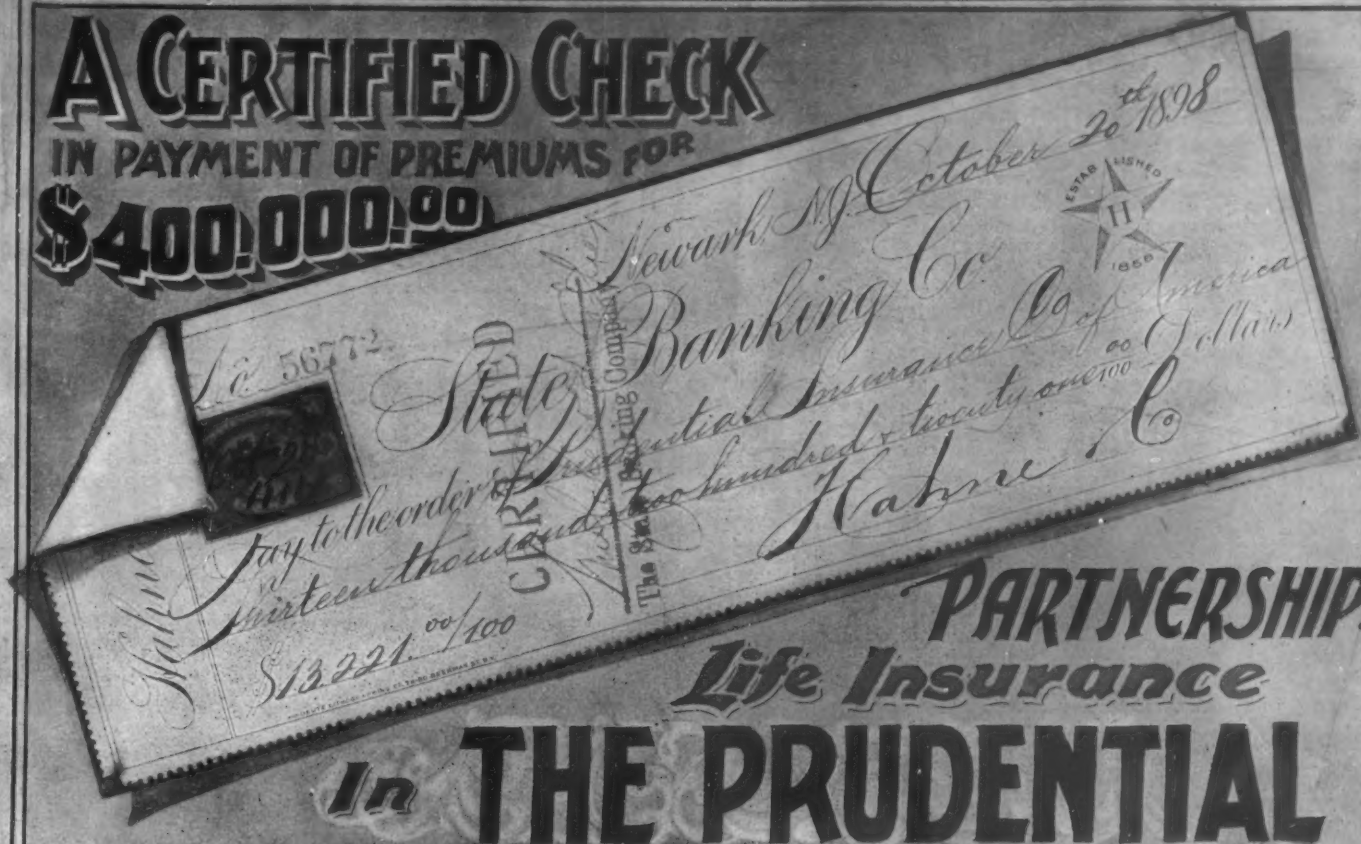
IN OLD MISSOURY.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I see the legislatur' has jes' passed a law to prohibit nigger-shootin'.

SECOND CITIZEN.—What months in the year?



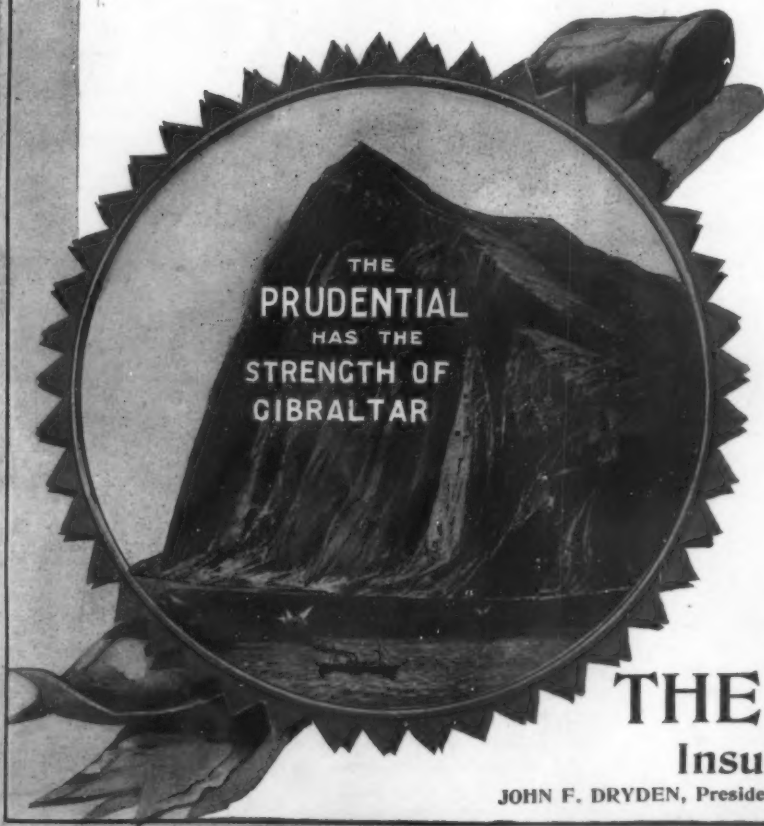
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IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS FOR  
**\$400,000.00**



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**In THE PRUDENTIAL**

WHILE THE PRUDENTIAL DEALS WITH MANY INSURANCES OF SMALL AMOUNT, IT INCLUDES ALSO IN ITS BUSINESS LIFE INSURANCES OF THE GREATEST MAGNITUDE.

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**THE PRUDENTIAL**  
**Insurance Co. of America.**

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the  
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

**SOHMER**  
New York SOHMER BUILDING  
Warehouses, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

LIGHTLY SPOKEN.

MR. RICHFELLO.—How pretty Miss Beauti looks to-night!

RIVAL BELLE.—Yes. How miserably poor the electric lights have become lately! They are dimmer than gas. — *New York Weekly.*

THE root of all evil is the cause of much digging.—*Ram's Horn.*

SEND us \$2.00 for 50 Costa Rica Cigars.

The highest grade 5c. cigar of the century.

Guaranteed all Havana filler.

VINCENT RACIGALUPPO, 814 Pine St., ST. LOUIS, Mo.

## What Are Club Cocktails?



"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.**  
Hartford, Conn. London.

39 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SO MANY of the late popular novels are devoted to discussions of religion, that we wonder that the Bible does n't become more of a craze. — *Atchison Globe.*

EVANS SETTLES IT.

It is unnecessary to "stand it up to settle;" it is "settled" before you get it. There is no sediment in Evans' Ale — that's why.

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK.

The only ale that is always fit to drink and the only ale that is always ready is Evans'.

WHY EVANS?

Mellow as old wine, clear as crystal, sparkling with brilliancy, and crowned with a froth-like cream.

ANOTHER GOOD THING ABOUT EVANS'.

To the science of brewing is added the perfected art of bottling.

A FULL GRAVITY ALE — EVANS'. Made from the legitimate materials of malt, hops and purest spring water.



JARRING HIS MEMORY.

ETHEL.—I—er—suppose you know next week is Christmas;—don't you, Charley?

CHARLES.—Why, of course I do! Why do you ask?

ETHEL.—Why, you look so happy I did n't know but you'd forgotten it!

"YES," said Mr. Jones, when a certain girl's name had been mentioned, "I know her to speak to, but not by sight."

"You mean," cut in the prompt corrector — "you mean that you know her by sight, but not to speak to?"

"Do I?" asked Mr. Jones, anxiously.

"Of course you do. You have seen her so often that you know who she is, but have never been introduced to her. Is n't that it?"

"No; that is n't it. I never saw her at all to know her, but I speak to her nearly every day."

"How can that be?"

"She is the telephone girl at Central." — *Harper's Bazar.*

VERY EASY.

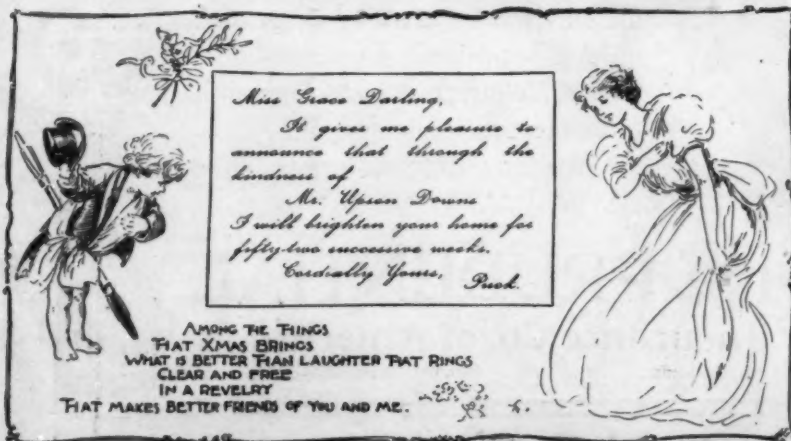
"They say the Slims used to be wedded to the truth."

"He was till he went to Chicago. You know how it is out there about getting a divorce." — *Detroit Free Press.*

LIFE is spent in learning to live, and, having learned, to die. — *Adams Freeman.*

No Christmas Table should be without a bottle of *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters*, the finest appetizer imported from South America.

# Puck's Christmas Card.



Miss Grace Darling,  
It gives me pleasure to  
announce that through the  
kindness of  
Mr. Upsen Downs  
I will brighten your home for  
fifty-two successive weeks.  
Cordially Yours, Puck.

AMONG THE THINGS  
THAT XMAS BRINGS  
WHAT IS BETTER THAN LAUGHTER THAT RINGS  
CLEAR AND FREE  
IN A REVELRY  
THAT MAKES BETTER FRIENDS OF YOU AND ME.

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

## ... A Suitable Christmas Present ...

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription Book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which this reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

This card, (size 7x4 1/2 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;

To send by mail to distant dear ones;

To put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present.

Address: PUCK, NEW YORK



# Sozodont

*saves the teeth*

A Sample Phial for the postage, three cents, if you mention this publication.  
Address, P. O. Box 247, New York City.

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• HALL & RUCKEL •

• LONDON •



**Blakemore**  
**Whiskey** 7 Years Old  
NOTHING BETTER  
MADE OR SOLD

Matured in wood  
and bottled in bond  
under Governmental  
Supervision.

If your dealer hasn't  
it send us TWELVE  
DOLLARS and we  
will have sent to your  
address by express  
prepaid a sample case  
containing TWELVE  
BOTTLES.

**FREIBERG & WORKUM**  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE hand of Providence gives the best  
massage treatment. — *Rain's Horn.*

**Arnold**  
**Constable & Co.**

Oriental Rugs.

Exclusive designs in rich and soft Colorings  
for Drawing-Rooms, Reception and Dining-  
Rooms, Libraries, Halls, etc.

Carpets.

Axminster, Wilton and Brussels Carpets of  
the finest qualities manufactured.

**Broadway & 19th St.**  
NEW YORK.



## ICY PAVEMENTS.

ALPHONSO (in a hoarse whisper).—Keep right close behind him, Beatrice,—keep  
right close behind him; he'll slip an' fall on yer pretty quick, an' den if he don't give  
yer suthin' out uv sympathy yer kin sue him fer damages!

No picnic or outing is complete without Cook's  
Imperial Champagne, extra dry. It completes  
your lunch.

"Always feel run down in the Spring." Get  
over it by three-times-a-day dose of the best  
Spring tonic: Abbott's—The Original Angostura  
Bitters; take the genuine.

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**...Short Sixes**

PRICE...  
PAPER, \$0.50  
CLOTH, 1.00

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**Cure**

**WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.**

Alcohol,  
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Produce each a disease  
having definite pathology.  
The disease yields easily to  
the Double Chloride of Gold  
Treatment as administered  
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tial. Write for particulars.

## WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP.



### LOOK IN THE CUP.

Before being shaved, it's well enough to find out what soap your barber is using.  
If it is WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, you are always sure of a healthful, refreshing and de-  
lightful shave. You can feel absolutely safe from the risk of blood poisoning and from  
the burning and smarting sensations always caused by harsh, impure soaps. But if it is  
one of the so-called Cheap Soaps—beware! **Danger lurks in the cup.**

No one knows where these soaps are made or what they are made of. Such soaps  
are strong and rank. They contain germs of disease, which, once in the system, cause  
untold suffering. The pores of the face are little mouths, which greedily absorb these  
disease germs when applied with the shaving brush.

Can you afford to take such risks? **Can you afford to be experi-**  
**mented on** with the so-called Cheap, Unknown Soaps?

**The only safe way** is to insist upon having **Williams' Shaving**  
**Soap**—the "Only Real Shaving Soap." The reputation of WILLIAMS' SOAP has been  
established by a test of more than Half a Century. Its Mild, Soothing qualities and its  
Rich, Luxurious Lather, make it the recognized standard all over the world.

**WILLIAMS' SOAPS** are for sale everywhere, but if your dealer does not supply you, we  
will mail them—to any address—postpaid on receipt of price.  
Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cents. Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap, 12 cents.  
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cents. Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round  
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cents. Cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.  
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 80 cents. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.  
London: 64 Great Russell St., W. C. Address The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.  
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Under durable transparent handles can be placed your  
name and address, photos, society and trade  
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terials and workmanship and  
free from defects. Knife same  
as cut, \$1.25; 2 bl. \$1.50. Me-  
chanic's, 2 bl., \$1.50. Ladies',  
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**BOOK of**  
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by 22 of the  
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building a monument to the  
Beloved Poet of Childhood.

But for the noble contribution  
of the world's greatest artists  
this book could not have been  
manufactured for less than \$7.

SOME men would never get  
anything if they were n't ap-  
pointed administrator of some  
estate.—*Washington Democrat.*

### THE CLASS IN CIVICS.

"Now, Tommy," said the  
teacher in Civics, "what are  
the duties of a Police Commis-  
sioner?"

"Why," said Tommy, who  
has studied politics under a  
Tammany administration, "a  
Police Commissioner's chief  
duty is to collect commissions  
from the police."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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You can easily pay more for a poorer cigar than the GENERAL ARTHUR, but you can't buy a better cigar for the same money.

It is the best cigar for the price that the resources of the biggest cigar manufactory in the world can produce.

It is an always reliable smoke. Its high quality never varies a hair's breadth. If you are particular, try the GENERAL ARTHUR.

If your dealer does n't sell it, we will send you twelve, packed in a tin box, for \$1, express prepaid. They are worth more, but we are anxious to have you try them.

**Kerbs.....**  
**Wertheim & Schiffer**  
**.....New York**

Send us a two-cent stamp for a rather noisy little folder.

THE INTRICACIES OF ENGLISH.

MONSIEUR DE FRANCE.—You wind up ze clock to make him go?

ENGLISH TUTOR.—Exactly!

MONSIEUR DE FRANCE.—Zen what for you wind up ze beesiness to make him stop?—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

A FREE GIFT.

MRS. BIBBS.—See here! Why are you unloading all those shingles in front of my door? We have n't ordered any.

DRIVER.—No, Mum. They comes wid the compliments of the neighbors. You see, folks think from the way your boy acts that you can't afford to buy any.—*New York Weekly.*



**No. 4711 ESSENCE OF Rhine Violets No. 4711**

The highest degree of refinement.—Wonderfully delicate and lasting.—Absolutely true odor of the living flower.—Be sure to get the "No. 4711."

Sole U. S. Agents  
**MÜLHENS & KROPFF**  
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A SPANISH SOLILOQUY.

"How our people's names would rattle In the annals of the great If we lingered at a battle Like we do at a debate!"

—*Washington Star.*

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**Kayler's**  
**"EVERY TIME"**  
JUSTLY CELEBRATED  
**BONBONS CHOCOLATES**

Large Assortment of Fancy Boxes and Baskets.  
By mail or express.  
863 Broadway, New York.

SEND 1, 2, 3, or 5 Dollars and Candies will be packed and shipped any desired date.

**MUSIC** AND INSTRUMENTS FOR BAND AND ORCHESTRA, Mandoline, Banjos, Guitars, Drums, Fifes, etc. Piano Music one-half off. CATALOGUES FREE.

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**WE KEEP EVERYTHING MUSICAL.**

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An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

**BARKEEPER'S FRIEND**

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre: never spoils; guaranteed pound box 50c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

"MR. HARDWIN, shake hands with Mr. Offshort," said the Living Skeleton, affably.

The Armless Wonder cordially wiggled his toes, and the Ossified Man bowed gracefully with his eyelids.—*Washington Capital.*

HE.—This dilatoriousness of the Peace Commission is very trying. It is hurting my business.

SHE.—What is your business?

HE.—I'm a map manufacturer.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**CANDY** Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

## Holidays are Kodak Days



The long evenings of Christmas-tide are made doubly delightful by taking flash-light pictures of one's friends.

Picture taking by daylight or flash-light is easy with a Kodak.

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**BOURBON**  
AUG. COLDEWEY & CO.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.  
EST. 1848.

A 16 YEAR OLD WHISKEY.  
BOTTLED IN BOND BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE U.S. TREASURY.

PRICE \$15.00 PER CASE OF 12 BOTTLES

OR SAMPLE CASE OF 4 BOTTLES, \$5.00.. Blank cases, without marks indicating contents, when desired. All orders delivered, expressage paid.

HISTORY.—This Whiskey was made in 1883 and 1889, exported in bond to Europe, and after twelve years returned to Louisville Customs Warehouse, where it was found necessary to repack it in glass, owing to the ancient and unsafe condition of the barrels, and which was done by special permit of the United States Treasury and under Government supervision.

AUG. COLDEWEY & CO., Louisville, Ky.  
Established 1848. Reference: Any Local Bank.



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### THE UP-TO-DATE TRAMP.

FARMER HONK.—You look kinder tired, Lyman. What's the matter?

FARMER FLINTROCK.—Got-split it I am tired! There's been more 'n a dozen o' them d—d heros of Sandyager at my house to-day, an' I'm all worn out kickin' 'em off from the place.

## Gold Seal Champagne

THE FINEST PRODUCED IN AMERICA

Also Sweet, Dry Catawba and Port Wines

For sale by All Leading Wine Dealers and Grocers

Urbana Wine Co.  
Urbana, N. Y.




Best Line to Cincinnati and St. Louis — **THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.**



"ONE AND INSEPARABLE!"  
Now since the islands of the sea  
Our Nation dominates,  
This glorious land henceforth must be  
The dis-United States.  
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

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snort so much as a fooled and unsus-  
pecting woman.—*Atchison Globe.*

**CHEW**  
**Beeman's**  
The  
Original  
**Pepsin**  
**Gum**



Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others Are Imitations.

**WASHINGTON.**

**Holiday Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.**

December 27 is the date selected for the Per-  
sonally-Conducted Holiday Tour of the Penn-  
sylvania Railroad to Washington. This tour will  
cover a period of three days, affording ample  
time to visit all the principal points of interest  
at the National Capital, including the Congress-  
ional Library and the new Corcoran Art Gal-  
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expenses for the entire time absent, transporta-  
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\$11.50 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates  
from other points.

**SPECIAL TEACHERS' TOUR.**

A special teachers' tour, identical with the  
above, will be run on the same date. Tickets  
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including accommodations at the National Ho-  
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less than rates quoted above. Side trip to  
Mount Vernon and admission to the grounds,  
fifty cents additional. Side trip to Old Point  
Comfort, returning via the Cape Charles Route  
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For itineraries and full information apply to  
Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 1106 Broadway,  
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Philadelphia.

**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in  
10 to 20 days. No pay till  
cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens,  
Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

**RHEINSTROM BROS.**  
**CINCINNATI**  
**Angostura Bark Bitters**



Best of all Cocktail or  
Tonic Bitters.  
5 Bottle of this is equivalent  
6 to a bottle of the best of  
the others.  
1 Bottle is as good as a bottle  
2 of most of the others.  
For sale by all Leading  
Jobbers and Retailers.



**A UNIQUE SPECIMEN.**

RURAL VISITOR in MUSEUM.—H'm!  
I don't see anything queer about you.  
What be you here for?

FREAK proudly.—I am the inventor  
of a boys' tool chest that is really good  
for something.

EVERY girl ought to have a brother  
or two, to take the conceit out of her.—  
*Atchison Globe.*

IF YOU'RE A  
**PIPE SMOKER**  
A TRIAL WILL  
CONVINCE THAT  
**GOLDEN SCEPTRE**  
IS PERFECTION.  
We will send on receipt  
of 10c. a sample to any  
address. Catalog free.  
**SURBRUG**  
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**SMITH & WESSON**  
**REVOLVERS.**  
TWELVE DIFFERENT STYLES.  
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**OLD POINT COMFORT.**

**Six-Day Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.**

The first of the present series of personally-  
conducted tours to Old Point Comfort via the  
Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and  
Philadelphia on Tuesday, December 27.

Tickets, including luncheon on going trip and  
one and three-fourths days' board at Old Point  
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trains within six days, will be sold at rate of  
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rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to  
Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway,  
New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.;  
or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger  
Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

# Pears'

To keep the skin clean  
is to wash the excretions  
from it off; the skin takes  
care of itself inside, if not  
blocked outside.

To wash it often and  
clean, without doing any  
sort of violence to it, re-  
quires a most gentle soap,  
a soap with no free al-  
kali in it.

Pears', the soap that  
clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially  
druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Well-Informed travelers  
going to  
**CALIFORNIA**  
who appreciate the best of  
everything, always travel by  
**THE OVERLAND LIMITED**  
Because the equipment, con-  
sisting of modern double  
Drawing-Room Sleeping  
Cars, Buffet-Smoking and  
Library Cars with Barber,  
Dining Cars in which meals  
are served a la carte, and  
Tourist Sleeping Cars, pro-  
vides every comfort for all  
classes of passengers. Train  
leaves Chicago at 6.30 p. m.  
**EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR**  
ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA THE  
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PRINCIPAL AGENCIES:  
461 BROADWAY.....NEW YORK.  
328 WASHINGTON ST.....BOSTON.  
315 CLARK ST.....CHICAGO.

**A DAINY HOLIDAY GIFT**

Particularly acceptable to Ladies

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**SHORT SIXES**

They will delight all sorts and conditions of  
readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

**MADE IN FRANCE**

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style  
is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that  
quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**THE RUNAWAY BROWNS**

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even  
from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. P. S. Bulletin.*

**MORE SHORT SIXES**

You smile over their delicious absurdities, per-  
haps, but never roar because they are "awfully  
funny."—*Boston Times.*

**THE SUBURBAN SAGE**

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times.*

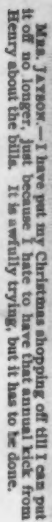
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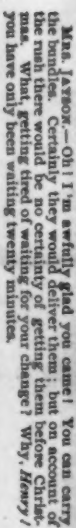
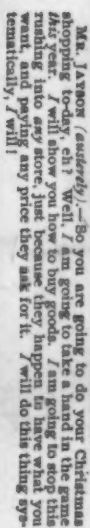
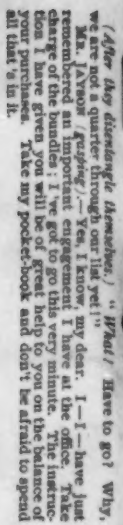
"Yes;—now, here is the place where we can get some of the presents the cheapest. You buy them; you are such a good buyer!"

MR. SATURN (*pointing to the Saltswoman*).—"I'd like to have—"

THE SALTSWOMAN (*interrupting*).—"You'll have to wait your turn. The last don't come first at this counter. See! See the floorwalker if you wait. I know me business! Four yards did you say, lady?"

Catch!

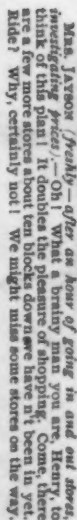
TO THE HOSPITAL DEPT.



MR. JAYSON (*outside—feebly*).—No, officer, I am all right—perfectly sober. No, I don't need an ambulance. Please call a cab and I'll try to remember where I live by the time it gets here.

## JAYSON'S EXPERIMENT,

AND WHY THERE ARE NO MORE KICKS COMING.



"Yes; here is the bargain counter. We can get lots of things here. Push right in; I am with you!"

